

And this the noble Bodie : I am fotted,
Vtterly lost : My Virgins faith has fled me.
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
Now if my Sister ; More for *Palamon*,
Stand both together : Now, come aske me Brother,
Alas, I know not : aske me now sweet Sister,
I may goe looke ; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
That having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,
Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir?

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you newes : The Knights are come,

Emil. To end the quarrell?

Gent. Yes.

Emil. Would I might end first :

What sinnes have I committed, chaste *Diana*,
That my unspotted youth must now be soyl'd
With blood of *Princes* ? and my Chastitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
Two greater, and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie?

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theseus. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any meanes, I long to see 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire Knights : Now my faire Sister,
You must love one of them.

Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely

Enter Messengers. Curtis.

Thes. Who saw 'em?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Thes. From whence come you Sir?

Mess. From the Knights.

Thes. Pray speake

You that have seene them, what they are

Mess. I will Sir,

And truly what I thinke : Six braver spirit
Then these they have brought, (if we judge)
I never saw, nor read of : He that stands
In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeme,
Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince
(His very lookes so say him) his complexion
Nearer a browne, than blacke ; sterne, and
Which shewes him hardy, searelesse, proud
The circles of his eyes show faire within
And as a heated Lyon, so he lookes ;
His haire hangs long behind him, blacke
Like Ravens wings : his shoulders broad,
Armd long and round, and on his Thigh
Hung by a curious Bauldricke ; when he
To scale his will with, better o'my conscience
Was never Souldiers friend.

Thes. Thou ha'st well describde him.

Per. Yet a great deale short

Me thinkes, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

Thes. Pray speake him friend.

Per. I ghesse he is a Prince too,

And if it may be, greater ; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't :

Hee's somewhat bigger, then the Knight

But of a face far sweeter ; His complexion

Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy : he has felt

Without doubt what he fights for, and so

To make this cause his owne : In's face appear

All the faire hopes of what he undertakes

And when he's angry, then a settled valour

(Not tainted with extreames) runs through

And guides his arme to brave things : Fear

He shewes no such soft temper, his head

Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke twind like

Not to undoe with thunder ; In his face